I.C.D.K.

Cold Cave

I don't know why
I keep my nose in the dead dirt,
just because I stepped on a rake once,
trying to smell the infinite field of sunflowerOh, you,
Oh, me,I don't know why
I keep my nose in the dead dirt,
just because I stepped on a rake once,
trying to smell the infinite field of sunflowerI see decay, in the coming days.I don't know why
I keep my nose in the dead dirt,
just because I stepped on a rake once,
trying to smell the infinite field of sunflowerOh, you,
Oh, me.

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